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SQUARE.

THE GRAVESTONE TRACK AFFAIR.
As was to have been expected, the ex-
traordinary state of affairs at the Graven-
stone race-track has led to the institution of a
number of suits for damages, and yet more of
them are promised. From these the Brooklyn
Jockey Club management will probably learn
a lesson or two about the rights of the
public in public places. Over-patience as the
American people may be in some mat-
ters, they have not yet arrived at the stage
where they will calmly and without protest
submit to being unlawfully imprisoned be-
hind high board fences at the whim of a
race-track owner.

That some such idea as this has been
gained at Gravenstone already is made evi-
dent by the fact that there has been a slight
modification of the anticar measures at the
track. The relaxation is not so complete as
it should be, but at least some of the more
brutal features have been eliminated from the
special police service. In the fact that his extraordinary
efforts have been of no avail in the
direction toward which he had
pointed them—that of knocking
out the business of the pool-rooms—
President DWYER should see, if he sees it
nowhere else, good reason for ceasing to
employ his unusual methods of warfare.
He will continually hurt his cause by con-
tinually imposing on the public.

THE CODE IN CHICAGO.

An Austrian nobleman and a hot young
Southerner went out in Jackson Park, in
Chicago, Sunday, and waged bloody warfare
with each other over a pretty actress. The
Austrian was seriously wounded, and may die.

Mortality or excessive bloodshed will
not place the duel on any higher plane in
this country. It is an exotic which does
not flourish on this soil in any case. In
France and Germany they have got that
duel at arms systematized so that no great
harm is done. It amounts to a morning
stroll and a little sword exercise or target
practice, and is probably very healthy and
conducive to longevity.

But when young men go out in a Chicago
park and kill each other for the sake of an
actress it is time to code the code of the
duello. We don't want duels here. The
courts will adjust these little difficulties,
even when repairs are sought for damages
to honor. No private executions in the
public parks.

Our cranks of to-day are not of the Don
Quixote order as a rule. A man out West
has equalled any eccentricity of the old
Spanish knight, however. He bought a
mill, made clay balls and a machine that
would throw them a long distance and then
began to pelt a town. He was arrested in
this little vagary, and he had a manuscript
story telling all about his exploits. How
could such an imaginative thing as this be
perpetrated in the prosaic atmosphere of
Missouri?

There is nothing like novelty. HATTIE
DANIELS, the daughter of Geo. H. Daniels,
General Passenger Agent of the New York
Central and Hudson River Railroad, gave a
locomotive party to a round dozen of her
school chums. The girls had a jolly ride in
the cab. It must have been distracting to
the engineer and the others who ran the
locomotive to have such a crowd of pretty
girls along. But they liked it, and so did
the maidens.

Aspirants to the honors of a detective
would do well to show their talent in this
direction by spotting fraud in advertise-
ments which hold forth great promise.
Some Iowa men have just been arrested for
engaging "bright young men" as detec-
tives. The young men had to give up \$10
for a certificate, and then received a nickel
star worth fifty cents. Naturally the men
who engaged them came out ahead.

A Mexican Don who kept a grocery store
was fond of saying: "He who dies pays
all." Whatever he meant doesn't clearly
appear, as he was not heavily in debt, nor
impetuous. He believed in his own say-
ing so thoroughly that he hung himself last
Saturday leaving a card with this favorite
remark written upon it.

It is awfully hard to restrain a violent fit
of sneezing, but it is seldom that anybody
breaks a rib in his endeavors to do so. A
New Jersey doctor shattered one of his in
this way. It is kindly recorded that at
least he stopped the sneeze. This remedy
is not patented, so that anybody who wants
it may use it.

Not long since a surgeon, in poking
round in a man's insides with his hand,
found that the man was alive by feeling
his heart beat. Now they have tapped a
man's pericardium in Boston and he is
doing nicely. The heart seems to have
been cracked up too much for sensitive-
ness.

A quarter-century in the public service was never spent more faithfully than in the case of this official.

A four-year-old girl in Illinois can tell
the denomination of a card or the spots on
a domino without seeing anything but their
backs. The child should be taught draw
poker at once.

White wings will spread this week. The
yachting season opens formally on Sat-
urday.
The people want all their own. The
parks are theirs.

These are stormy days for the theological
craft.

SPOTLIGHTS.

With the abolition of the toll on the Bridge should
not the toll on the toll be abolished?

Goodness says he knows a lady man who must
have been a blacksmith once, he tires so easily.

A busy baker may not be an idler, but it must be
admitted that he is a little slow in his day.

The Italian opera scheme for next season has got
to Gra.

"Was little that she had to say.
But that she said was charming.
The little which she said that day
has seemed an empty thing to me."

"Quids" is coming out as a weeder of current
literary matter.

Some of the Metropolitan Opera-House box-
holders find they are all in a box now, which is
neither Parterre nor First Tier.

In the coal regions miners are not excluded from
the variety theatre.

The Reading Railroad has got the laugh on that
Pennsylvania farmer without doubt.

It won't do for the artist competing for the prize
coin designs to never say die.

WORLDINGS.

Mrs. Mackay's new London house contains two
ideal bedrooms, the one in Pompeian style, the
other Japanese. In each of these abundant use
has been made of the abundant use of the
modern decorative work over seen in England.

Senator Blackburn's daughters are ardent ad-
mirers of thoroughbred horses. They are always
to be seen at the Lexington races and are thoroughly
accomplished in equine lore.

The present Carlos of Russia is said to be the
most popular Russian monarch in the world. He is
loved for his charities, and is as bright and clever as
she is elegant. She is passionately fond of dancing.

It is estimated that at least \$10,000,000 of the
Government's paper money is supposed to be in cir-
culation has been lost and destroyed. By the sinking
of one vessel off the Atlantic coast some years ago
\$1,000,000 in greenbacks was lost.

The prevailing Sunday sport in Cuba is cock-fight-
ing, and it is not an infrequent sight to see a Cuban
gentleman going to the arena of Havana with his
pet bird on the way to a fight.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Memory.
Some may forget the sweetest heart
They knew when life was young;
But I shall never forget the day
The song he sang to me.
The one to whom I gave my heart,
Who taught me how to love;
Who taught me how to love,
Who taught me how to love.

The very day I proposed.
The very hour, the place,
The very words he said to me,
The very words he said to me.
The very words he said to me,
The very words he said to me.
The very words he said to me,
The very words he said to me.

Money.
Money borrowed is a foe,
Money lent is a friend;
Money earned is a friend,
Money lost is a foe.

One Superstition Verified.
"Are you superstitious?" asked a bystander
of a slowly rising young tragedian.
"A little," said the actor sadly. "I have
learned from experience that to have just
thirteen people in the audience inevitably
means bad luck."

All He Should Expect.
"Will you love me," asked the aged hus-
band, "will you love me as long as you live?"
"I'll love you as long as you live," answered
the young wife. "That's enough, don't you
think?"

The Brute!
"From the Police Department."
Sne—Enjoying yourself, dear?
She—Honey, my love.
Sne—Smoking one of those lovely cigars I
gave you?
She—No, dear. I said I was enjoying my-
self.

A Newspaper Article.
"From the Police Department."
Smith—Notice that the Johnsons had an article
in the paper this morning.
Jones—Indeed? I didn't see it. What was
it?
"His Summer vacation. He was taking it
to the tailor to be pressed and cleaned."

Amended.
"From the Police Department."
"Was it that lady that just passed us with
the charming face?"
"Ah, yes, I see; your late wife."

Moneyed Misery.
"From the Police Department."
"You ought to be very thankful," said the
old gentleman, "that such nice clothes belong
to you."
The clothes don't belong to me, answered
the over-dressed little boy. "I belong to the
clothes."

That Tired Feeling

Prevalence with the most nerve-racking and dis-
tressing effect in spring and early summer, when
the tone effect of the cold air is gone and the
days grow warmer. Hood's Sarsaparilla speedily
cures the tired feeling, whether caused by
change of climate, season of life, by overwork
or illness, and imparts that feeling of strength
and self-confidence which is comforting and sat-
isfying. It also cures sick headache, bilious-
ness, indigestion or dyspepsia.

Best Spring Medicine.

I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best
spring medicine, and as truly say that it makes
the weak strong. I take it all seasons of the
year when needed and would give five dollars for
a bottle of it, if I could not get it for less.
ALBERT A. JAGROW, Douglass, L. I., N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 a bottle. Prepared
only by C. C. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.

I heard him in
Tenth street, while I
was yet a long ways
off, calling out:
"She makes thir-
teen revolutions of
the roller for every
pull on the towel;
can't get out of order;
saves a penny and
a quarter of a
yard of toweling on
it. Who's the next-
best patent towel-rack
man?"

"Well, how does it go?" I asked as I
overtook him.

"That you?" By gosh! but I'm as glad
to see you as Elder Spooner was to see day-
light the night he broke his leg in our grave-
yard!"

"And you haven't come home yet?"
"Not a gone! I come down here to New
York to sell the beautilful towel-rack ever in-
vented on the face of this earth, and though his
uphill work, I begin to see sunrise ahead of me."

"That's good. Taken some orders, eh?"
"I hev, and what's more, the public is
beginning to take an interest. Folks begin to
see that it's a heap better to hang up the
kitchen towel than to walk on it. I heard
from Silas yesterday. He says corn is up
an inch high, and 'aters are beginning to
sprout. Sent me \$4 more to hang on with."

"Well?"
"Some mighty smart folks in this town.
Yesterday a fellow comes up to me just
after I had put some toweling on my collar,
and says he: 'My friend, couldn't thou
change a two-dollar bill for me?' I con-
sidered it, and after he had skipped I
found it was a bad bill. I pegged along for
about half a mile, and then I set eyes on
the very same chap again. I took him by
the collar and says: 'My friend, couldn't
thou fork over about twenty shillings in
less'n a York mint, to save ten' broke in
I guess I'm a little ahead of the game. Eh?"

"You certainly are. Does the towel rack
seem to take among the rich?"
"She takes with all classes, if I get time
to explain her merits. The trouble is to
get into the houses. Down at Huckleberry
Plains you can walk right in on anybody,
except when they are having family prayers
or washin' their feet, but there's a good
deal of beatin' around here. Yesterday
I went to go into a house on Fifth avenue,
and a saasy young fellow steps out and
wants to know my business. 'Scillin' the
celebrated Seck-No-Further kitchen roller-
towel-rack-suntin' wanted by the rich
and gay, as well as the poor and sorrowful,"
says I.

"I don't can go in," says he. "We don't
want nuthin' of the sort."
"I demand to see the wimin folks of the
house," says I. "The mint they see this
towel-rack they buy. The mint they see
they wouldn't part with it again for a
dollar. I'll bet yearlin' call again an old
bake-rack that the kitchen towel in this
house can't be found in an hour's huntin',
and it's as likely to be under the spare bed
as down the 'ater bin."

"How did you come out?" I asked.
"He gimme a smore sus, and I grabbed
him back-hill and dropped him down. Didn't
let him up till he took two of 'em at regular
figgers. She's got to sell, even if I have to
wrasse the hull town. Say!"

"Well?"
"I wouldn't believe it if Elder
Spooner had a swore to it, but I'm fallin'
right into the ways down here. What time
d'ya think I go to bed? It was a quarter
after nine last night. Hank him up so late
since I set up with Hank Richmond's body
when he got killed by a railroad. And
say!"

"Smoked a hull cigar this forenoon—
clean up to the end! The only feller in
Huckleberry Plains who kin do it is
a hos-a-door, and he's considered
almost as big as a circus performer.
Land! he wouldn't Elder Spooner open
his eyes! I'd be hooin' in the garden, and
he'd come around the corner of the wood-
shed and set down on the grindstone frame
and fold his hands and say: 'Noor David
Hammerhill, you went and invented a
kitchen roller towel-rack out of your
head, and then you went down to New
York to take orders and work up
a toweling feelin'." She said. It hit
the public like coconuts at seven cents apiece.
You got rich. You've come back to run
town trustee, and you are the only man in
Huckleberry Plains as daat to sign a dog
tag on the street without knowin' which
dog belongs to who. But, Noor, what
is it to a man to be rich 'nuff to attend
the circus four times in one sum-
mer and then finally bring up among
sulphur and brimstone? That's what he'd
say, and he'd have me all frodly panned up.
I kin realize that I'm gittin' reckless, and
I've got to hold myself down. Goin'!
Well, it's time I slashed around myself.
I've stinted myself to take three more
orders this afternoon, and I'll do it or bust
the handle to the grindstone." M. QUAD.

Not It Fault.

Emergent Dorchester—O'Brien. Holmes is
not the recheerer girl I thought she was.
Huckleberry Walden—What has occurred?
Huckleberry Dorchester—I noticed to-day she
was wearing her Winter spectacles.

Not the Kind Wanted.

Angeline Hamfist (of the Privy)—Is there
likelihood of these diamonds being lost
or stolen?
Jeweller—The construction of the settings,
madam, has so carefully been attended to that
it is not possible to lose the stones or
have them stolen.

Angeline Hamfist—Then they are hardly
what I want. Good-day.

Thoughtful James.

James was a thoughtful boy anyhow, in
spite of his crimes.
"He wasn't thoughtful when he robbed the
bank," said his father.

"Yes he was. He got arrested under an
alias, rather than disgrace his father's name."

PITY THE BABES.

They Look to You for Help During the
Heated Term.

Swell the Fund to Send Them
Free Doctors.

Neil Nelson Gives Some Valuable
Health Hints.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:
"The Evening World".....\$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....\$69.75
Coke Deimar, Nellie Mearns, Kate Bau-
vart and H. Owen.....5.51
C. L. D.....1.00
Discontinued.....1.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. W.....1.00
Total.....\$180.26

A Generous Family.
Inclosed find check for \$15, for the Babes' Free Doctor Fund from: Papa, Mamma, Baby, Gruby, Franky, Ed, Jas, Ed.

Thank You, Carl.
Inclosed find check for \$15, for the Babes' Free Doctor Fund from: Papa, Mamma, Baby, Gruby, Franky, Ed, Jas, Ed.

From Up the Hudson.
Inclosed find money order for \$1.50 to be added to your Free Doctors' Fund. Hoping for good results. Nyack, N. Y. Disappointed.

Money and a Blessing.
Inclosed find \$1 for the Sick Baby Fund. Heaven prosper your good work. C. L. D.

A Baby's Savings.
Inclosed you will find \$1 for the sick babies, from the savings bank of six six-week-old baby. M. L. Gova street, Jersey City.

SOME HEALTH HINTS.

Neil Nelson Takes a Page from the
Free Doctor's Book.

It is getting hot; babies and young children
are getting sick of the heated influence of
the season upon mortality is shown in the
number of cases of scarlet fever, bronchitis,
measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever and diseases
that reach their maximum in the Summer
months.

What the poor people of this great city need
is a knowledge of the facts upon which the art
of preserving health is based, rather than
promiscuous dosing with drugs and physic.

They want that variety of medical advice
that will not only relieve special cases but
bring about a better sanitary condition gen-
erally. In other words they require preventive
medicine.

Take a walk through the extreme end of
West Thirty-second street, for instance, and
you will meet a thousand children in one block,
nearly every one the victim of a stomach
trouble.

How can you tell?
By looking at them. Nearly all have hives,
pimples, rash, sore mouth, sore head or
rickets—all the result of bad feeding, ir-
regular feeding or over feeding coupled
with personal neglect. More than half
all the sickness in the city can be traced to a
disordered stomach. The remedies are so
simple that every mother could keep her
family well if she only knew the first prin-
ciples of the theory and practice of preventive
medicine.

A person to be well must be fed regularly.
No baby under two years should have solid
food, but only milk, or milk and cereal.
The habit of bolting meals and gulping down
chunks of tough meat, orange fibre and apple
cores, not only does harm, but one has the
digestive organs of a goat or a python.
Scrape skins, trim, grate and shells may be
toothsome and exert a quieting influence on
the nerves in the process of mastication, but
they will not make food, muscle or bone.

As a rule, the money saved on wholesome
food is wasted on medicine. The little or
no nutriment in pickled fish and corned
beef. Cabbage is a good article to feed cattle,
and a doctor's prescription should accompany
every radish and cucumber fed to children.

Another source of mischief is excessive
candy. There is no harm in a little pure
candy, but the penny squares and sticks of
glucose, coated with dust and purchased from
street vendors are not fit to go into any human
stomach.

These errors of diet mothers must correct;
they must see to it that the bowels are regu-
lated, and once the system is in order it will
take care of itself.

Not infrequently much mischief is done by
the wholesale dosing of children with salts,
pills and castor oil. The system is weakened,
constipation results and not infrequently
chronic dyspepsia.

For the young children require is a
fruit diet for a few days. Juicy fruits, such
as oranges, apples, peaches and melons in
season and small seed fruits like berries and
cherries are invaluable.

Sliced apples, prunes and dried peaches are
also excellent and leave no bad results. It
stands to reason that the diet must be lim-
ited when the stomach is out of order. Drink little
at meals, but plenty of good water or milk,
cool or warm, during the day.

Cold drinks are bad at all times, and just
now it will be worse to all the drinking water,
in order to kill the important life contents.

Now, there are some of the hygienic fac-
tors that THE EVENING WORLD corps of Free Physi-
cians intend to impress upon the unintelligent
mothers of New York, in order to reduce the
sickness and increase the health of their
babies. Twenty thousand other suggestions
will be made, of which the following are sam-
ples: Ammonia may be bought for about 10
cents a pint, and one cupful in a bucket of
water will save the exertion of scrubbing and
do twice as much cleaning as a scrubbing
brush.

Can be cured by bathing the child's
body in a tepid bath in which sea or common
salt has been dissolved. Give him his sys-
temic dose of syrup of ferrous to keep his sys-
tem regulated, and change his diet as much as
possible—clearly of sweet milk, brown bread,
graham crackers, fruit or stewed fruits, pos-
sibly moisten with beef tea, or other liquid
rather than meat; eggs are good, but no candy;
save the penny and buy an orange, but don't
eat the skin or fibre.

If your baby has a rough, scaly or coated
scalp soften the scales with sweet or olive oil;
then wash it off with warm water and settle
soap, and when dry apply a little oil of olive as
a skin-saver to kill the germs.

So much for the knowledge and common-
sense practice of THE EVENING WORLD'S Corps
of Free Physicians.

Now for the Free Doctor's Book.

A Far-Sighted Youth.
"Can you go to marry?"
"I think so. I have a clergyman friend
who'll do it cheap."

Migrating Circumstances.
"From the Jeweller's Circular."
Harold Harrington—Did I not see you talk-
ing with Downtown yesterday? Don't you
know he is in trade.

Cholly Chomolodsky—Yes, he is. But it don't
agree with him. He has failed three times.

Silent, Until.
"From the Jeweller's Circular."
Hurry—When you go home fall down and
your wife say to you:
Hurry—Lucky man.
Hurry—She waits till next morning.

Arabella—Is it true that Grace Stedley has
eloped with her father's coachman?
Felix—Oh, no, she didn't do as well as that;
she was only the footman!

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That
Delight the Gentler Sex.

Hats for Elderly Women—Scale of
Weights to Heights—Leghorns
Will Be Good Later On—New
York's Army of Cash-Girls.

For hats elderly women may wear in the
country or for shopping, the quiet pokes in black
satin, with a touch of black lace, ribbon and
silk, with a touch of black lace, ribbon and
silk. It had been caught over the neck in the
satin and then fastened to the iron frame of the
wall. It made quite a comfortable sitting.

A negro boy was beating a heavy rug on
Park place this morning just at the time when
the station was discharging a great many
passengers who came in for the annoyance of a
thick cloud of dust. I was glad to see a
roundabout step up to him and make him fire
over. This beating the rug could have been
done at an earlier hour when it would not
have been such a nuisance to the public that
passed that way. The officer was intelligent
enough to see this.

Indicted on the arm of a sturdy window-
washer a large piece of tattoo work. He con-
fessed to me that he was once a jolly tar on the
ocean blue and that the sailors used to tattoo
each other to beguile their leisure moments.
This man's embellishment on his right forearm
consisted of a compass-shaped willow which
looked like a cascade of blue ink tumbling
over a monumental shaft. In fact, on the
face of the shaft were the words: "In memory
of _____." She was his deceased wife.
What a nice time he will have with that arm
if he marries again!

Stanford White, the architect, with some
friends occupied a box at the Garden Theatre
the other night. White is fond of the theatre
as being his own work. He had on a Tuxedo
coat, although this brilliant half-and-half
evening attire does not suit his style of archi-
tecture as well as a "clawhammer" coat.

I see that the Tenderloin are going to re-
sume the monthly Saturday night concerts.
Music and jollity hang hands tightly on these
occasions. Sig. Tugliapetra is a prime
mover on these occasions. He is a pillar of
the melodic stratum in the Tenderloin, and the
thick atmosphere of blue smoke shakes with
delight under the vibration of his vigorous
vocal.

Many of the swell houses have already
boarded up their front doors, and the dust is
settling on the hundred windows and in the
corners of the doorsteps. The deserted air
of so many town houses during the Summer is an
aggravation to those who have to stay in town
during the heated term.

I saw School Commissioner Guggenheimer,
with his usual thoughtful air of seriousness,
yesterday morning, though he was just es-
caping from the hands of the barber in an up-
town hotel. He usually patronizes this topso-
phical artist, though it takes him a little out of
his way from home to the Guggenheimer
dwelling, a perfectly smooth face, and with a
little sagging of clerical attire would pass
for a minister.

I hear that a conspiracy to that picturesque
figure Otto Teal, has been appointed by the
P. M. L., in the person of Frank A. Lewis.
The bosses of the reform movement have re-
cognized the power of the press in this ap-
pointment. The new "organizer" is a news-
paper man.

Spring her autobiography on the page of the
Cloud, I called upon Marie Carlyle yesterday.
The actress has escaped from her long and
well-known fatal stage of a gripe and pneu-
monia in Boston with nothing worse to show
for it than a dash of Boston culture and a Bos-
tonese dialect. She protests that she has been
too ill to acquire these things deliberately, and
that, if she has them, she caught them out of
the Boston atmosphere, as involuntarily as she
originally caught the gripe. The little con-
science of nothing it not a regret, so her com-
plaints may be more fashionable than real.
I am pleased to believe that the fact, for Miss
Marie is as bright and talented a little woman
as ever came out of the West.

QUEER BANKING SCHEME.

But It Kept a Rich Man's Son from
Ever Going Broke.

One of the more prominent of the
younger men of the Philadelphia bar had
been talking to a Press reporter about the
various methods pursued by young men
to save money. "I chanced upon an odd
case of saving the other day," he continued,
"and the general uniqueness of it
warrants my telling it to you."

I was spending Sunday at the home of a
young friend of mine, a law student. I
noticed that on a child's savings
bank, and upon picking it up the merry
jingle from within told me that the bank
had not recently suffered a "run."

Knowing that the father of my friend
was a man of means, I could not conceive
what the young man wanted to have small
coins for, so I asked him. And here is
the answer he gave me.

"Well, you see, father allows me \$25
a week pocket money, and gives to me
every Sunday. Frequently, when Thurs-
day morning comes, I have 'broke.' The
rigidity of father's rules kept me in this
unlucky state for the remainder of the
week, for not another cent could I get till
the following Sunday."

Three or four Mondays of luxury, with
ensuing weeks of penury, caused me to
commune with myself, the result of which
was that I evolved this scheme—\$25 a
week amounts to a fraction over \$5.74 a
day; so when I leave home in the morn-
ing I place \$5.74 in my pocket, under no
circumstances taking any more.

If I return home at night penniless, all
right, for I have enough money for the
next day, and the next, and for every day
till the following Sunday. But if I don't
spend all that \$5.74 my iron rule is to
place the balance in this bank. Some-
times, as the week goes on, and some days it
doesn't get a cent. Then at the end of the
month I open it and have cash galore.
Last year that bank averaged \$18 per
month. I am never "broke" now-
days."

A Far-Sighted Youth.
"Can you go to marry?"
"I think so. I have a clergyman friend
who'll do it cheap."

Migrating Circumstances.
"From the Jeweller's Circular."
Harold Harrington—